

## The Younger Set.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,  
Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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"I'd rather hear what you said to her. Were you laughing or weeping?" "Perhaps I was yawning. How do you know?" she smiled.

After a moment he said, still curious, "Why were you crying, Eileen?" "Crying! I didn't say I was crying." "I assume it."

"Well—yes," she admitted, "I was crying—if you insist on knowing. Now that you have driven me to admit that, can you also force me to tell you why I was so tearful?"

"Certainly," he said promptly; "it was something Nina said that made you cry."

They both laughed.

"Oh, what a come-down!" she said teasingly. "You knew that before. But can you force me to confess to you what Nina was saying? If you can, you are the cleverest cross examiner in the world, for I'd rather perish than tell you."

"Oh," he said instantly, "then it was something about love?"

He had not meant to say it. He had spoken too quickly, and the flush of surprise on the girl's face was matched by the color rising to his own temples. And, to retrieve the situation, he spoke too quickly again—and too lightly.

"A girl would rather perish than admit that she is in love?" he said, forcing a laugh. "That is rather a clever deduction, I think. Unfortunately, however, I happen to know to the contrary, so all my cleverness comes to nothing."

The surprise had faded from her face, but the color remained, and with it something else—something in the blue eyes which he had never before encountered there—the faintest trace of recoil, of shrinking away from him.

She was beginning to love him no longer in her own sweet fashion, but in his, and she was vaguely aware of it, yet curiously passive and content to put no question to herself whether it was true or false. And how it might be with him she evaded asking herself too. Only the quickening of breath and pulse questioned the pure thoughts unvoiced; only the increasing impatience of her suspense confirmed the answer which now, perhaps, she might give him one day while the blessed world was young.

He had not yet spoken when again she lifted her eyes and saw him sitting in the dusk, one arm resting across his knee, his body bent slightly forward, his gaze vacant.

He did not stir. Then unreasoning, instinctive fear confused her, and she heard her own voice, sounding strangely in the twilight:

"Why you are so silent with me. What has crept in between us? I—the innocent courage sustaining her—I have not changed, except a little in the way you wished. Have you?" "No," he said in an altered voice.

"Then what is it? I have been—you have left me so much alone this winter, and I supposed I understood."

"My work," he said, but she scarcely knew the voice for his.

"I know; you have had no time. I know that. I ought to know it by this time, for I have told myself often enough. And yet when we are together it is—it has been—different. Can you tell me why? Do you think me changed?"

"You must not change," he said.

The mounting sea of passion swept him. He turned on her maddeningly, his hands clinched, not daring to touch her shame, contrition, horror that the damage was already done, all were forgotten. Only the deadly grim duty of the moment held him back.

"Dear," he said, "because I am unchanged—because I—I love you so—help me, and God help us both!"

"Tell me," she said steadily, but it was fear that stilled her voice. She laid one slim hand on the table, bearing down on the points of her fingers until the nails whitened, but her head was high and her eyes met his, straight, unwavering.

"I—I knew it," she said. "I understood there was something. If it is trouble, and I see it is, bring it to me. If I am the woman you took me for, give me my part in this. It is the quickest way to my heart, Captain Selwyn. I ask it."

"Why?"

Her eyes wavered, then returned his gaze:

"For love of you," she said, as white as death.

He caught his breath sharply and straightened out, passing one hand across his eyes. When she saw his face again in the dim light it was ghastly.

"There was a woman," he said, "for whom I was once responsible." He spoke wearily, head bent, resting the weight of one arm on the table against which she leaned. "Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes, you mean—Mrs. Ruthven."

"I mean her. Afterward, when matters had altered, I came home."

He raised his head and looked about him in the darkness.

"Come home," he repeated, "no longer a man—the shadow of a man, with no hope, no outlook, no right to hope."

He leaned heavily on the table, his arm rigid, looking down at the floor as he spoke.

"No right to hope. Others told me

that I still possessed that right. I knew they were wrong. I do not mean that they persuaded me. I persuaded myself that, after all, perhaps my right to hope remained to me. I persuaded myself that I might be, after all, the substance, not the shadow."

He looked up at her.

"And so I dared to love you."

She gazed at him, scarcely breathing. "Then," he said, "came the awakening. My dream had ended."

She waited, the lace on her breast scarce stirring, so still she stood, so pitifully still.

"Such responsibility cannot die while those live who undertook it. I believed it until I desired to believe it no longer."

He took one step toward her, and his voice fell so low that she could just hear him.

"She has lost her mind, and the case is hopeless. Those to whom the laws of the land have given care of her turned on her, threatened her with disgrace. And when one friend of hers halted this miserable conspiracy her malady came swiftly upon her, and suddenly she found herself helpless, penniless, abandoned, her mind already clouded and clouding faster. Eileen, was there then the shadow of a doubt as to the responsibility? I dare not utter one word of love to you. I dare not touch you. What chance is there for such a man as I?"

"No chance—for us," she whispered. "Go!"

For a second he stood motionless, then, swaying slightly, turned on his heel.

And long after he had left the house she still stood there, eyes closed, colorless lips set, her slender body quivering, racked with the first fierce grief of a woman's love for a man.

Chapter 26

NEERGARD had already begun to make mistakes. The first was in thinking that, among those whose only distinction was their wealth, his own wealth permitted him the same insolence and ruthlessness that so frequently characterized them.

He had sneeringly dispensed with Gerald; he had shouldered Fane and Harmon out of his way when they objected to the purchase of Neergard's acreage adjoining the Slowwitha preserve and its incorporation as an integral portion of the club tract; thus he was preparing to rid himself of Ruthven for another reason. But he was not yet quite ready to spurn Ruthven, because he wanted a little more

out of him, just enough to place him on a secure footing among those of the younger set where Ruthven, as hack cottillion leader, was regarded by the young with wide eyed awe.

Why Neergard, who had forced himself into the Slowwitha, ever came to commit so gross a blunder as to drag on or even permit the club to acquire the acreage, the exploiting of which had threatened their existence, is not very clear.

Already the familiarity of his appearance and his name seemed to sanction his presence. Two minor clubs, but good ones—in need of dues—had strained at this social camel and swallowed him. Card rooms welcomed him—not the rooms once flung open contemptuously for his plucking, but rooms where play was fiercer and where those who faced him expected battle to the limit.

And they got it, for he no longer felt obliged to lose. And that again was a mistake. He could not yet afford to win.

George Fane, unpleasantly involved in Block Copper, angry, but not very much frightened, turned in casual good faith to Neergard to ease matters until he could cover. And Neergard locked him in the tighter and shouldered his way through Rosamund's drawing room to the sill of Sanxon Orchil's outer office, treading brutally on Harmon's heels.

Harmon in disgust, wrath and fear went to Craig; Craig to Maxwell Hunt; Hunt wired Mottly; Mottly, cold and sleek in his contempt, came from Palm Beach.

The cohesive power of caste is an unknown element to the outsider.

That he had unwittingly and prematurely aroused some unsuspected force on which he had not counted and of which he had no definite knowledge was revealed to Neergard when he desired Rosamund to obtain for him an invitation to the Orchil's ball.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS by mail 25c a month.

MISS ETHEL'S DEBUT.

Daughter of President to Be National Belle For a Few Months.

Time was when the debut of the daughter of the president of the United States would have been relegated to the category of unimportant affairs concerning only the United States. Now a thrill of interest is felt in every country of the world. Though the occasion calls for nothing except letters of congratulation and probably a few gifts from personal friends who are high in the cabinets of foreign lands, the event will be noted in courts and will figure in the chronicles of foreign capitals along with the doings of royalty.

The slender young girl who stands so luminously before the world just now is a type of which every American may be proud. She is just seventeen and a few months and is young for debutantes as the buds are introduced nowadays. But the delight of reigning a short while as national belle was too alluring for even such a level headed young woman as Miss Ethel to forego. She possesses the healthy desire of all girls to have a good time, and certainly a debut in the White House offers a tempting field of operation. Last year she decided against a collegiate course, and after finishing her academic training at the Cathedral school she devoted all her attention to the accomplishments necessary for the belle who would shine in such a complex assembly as Washington's official society.

She is a good musician, a clever conversationalist, clever with her brush and pen and can "make conversation" in three tongues besides English.

MISS ETHEL ROOSEVELT.

Unlike Mrs. Longworth, Miss Ethel is fond of books, and she has gathered a fine library during her years in the White House. Books are the most welcome gift that can be offered, and, as her friends have learned this, she has added largely to her treasures. Her skill as a needlewoman is almost national, and her pretty little fancy articles have figured in church festivals and gentlemen's sales for the past five years.

That Miss Ethel Roosevelt is a handsome, well equipped young girl, who would make her mark in the social world even without the prestige of a White House environment is universally conceded. Interest centers in the plan for her debut party, and great is the longing of every one socially inclined, young, old and middle aged, to be included in the guest list on that occasion. For some reason social experts have decided that, as Miss Alice Roosevelt was presented at a ball, so the second daughter must expect the same brilliant fete. But conditions differ widely from those when Mrs. Longworth made her bow. Mrs. Roosevelt was comparatively new to her high position, and her circle of friends was more circumscribed. Then, Mrs. Longworth possessed much independence of character as well as an income of her own to execute her own plans. Miss Ethel is more amenable, and the wishes of her parents have always been paramount. A ball seems the proper function, but people shudder at the Pandora box of ills which could spring from such an entertainment. Mrs. Roosevelt has hitherto displayed marked independence when it comes to planning her private amenities. She has drawn a rigid line between the obligations of the president's wife and those of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

Original Sin Out of Date.

It is doubtful if there ever was a time when people were more impressed with the idea of personality than they are today. In novels and in plays, as well as in real life, it no longer interests us to know what people do. Even in the nursery the personality of a child is not only recognized, but deferred to, a fact deplored by a woman of the old school, who indignantly exclaimed: "Personality, indeed! In my young days it was called 'original sin' and whipped out of a child." Far, however, from adopting these drastic measures, the modern parent, realizing

the importance of individuality, instead of repressing it in her children, cultivates it. She knows that if they are to count for anything in life they must not only be themselves, but they must mean something. The reason of so many people's dullness lies in the fact that they mean nothing.

They have no purpose in life, and, going blind and dumb through the world, they leave off every evening no wiser than they were in the morning.

To be redeemed from such commonplaceness only one thing is necessary—namely, personality. Whatever we are it is better to be ourselves than to be an imitation or an echo of somebody else, and only by making the most of ourselves can we hope to make anything of life. Most people's lives are failures not so much because destiny has been unkind to them, but because they have not known how to make the best of themselves, mentally or physically. Instead of developing their instinct they have neglected it. If they have not actually crushed it out of existence. And, instinct being the basis of personality, they drift helplessly, as the result of its repression, on the tide of events which they can neither conquer nor control.

In our present state of artificial civilization it is, of course, the custom to assume that our instinct must necessarily be wrong. Like everything else that is natural, we are brought up to mistrust it. "Second thoughts are best" is a maxim instilled into us in childhood, and instead of relying upon the prompt and usually unerring decisions of our instinct we are taught to refer all perplexities to the calm and inspired arbitration of our reason. In all strong personalities, however, instinct, far from being suppressed, acts in complete accord with reason.

Make Haste Slowly.

This is an age of hurry, and we are all inclined to do everything in a rush, forgetting that hurry retards our work, and the more quietly we do what is to be done the more quickly and better it is done.

"Hasten slowly" is the advice given in an exchange, for the first necessity is to find ourselves out—to find out for a fact where and how we hurry and how we have the sense of hurry with us all the time. Having found ourselves out, the remedy is straight before us.

Nature is on the side of no hurry and will come to our aid with higher standards of quiet which are always back in every one's brain if we only look to find them.

Five minutes sitting quietly and taking long breaths to get a sense of no hurry every day will be of very great help, and then when we find ourselves hurrying let us stop and recall the best quiet that we know. That need only take a few seconds, and the gain is sure to follow.

Festina lente (hasten slowly) should be in the back of our brain all day and every day.

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## Woman's World

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A Very Dainty Whim.

Queen Victoria of Spain is credited with having set the "rose fashion," as she has adopted the rose for her favorite flower, and the popular scent is therefore the delicious attar of roses.

There are hundreds of girls in Paris now making up silken roses, which will afterward be perfumed and worn by the women of fashion.

One kind of rose almost approaches silver in tone and is made of sheeny pale pink satin stuffed in its heart with a soft sachet powder.

Wreaths of white roses are worn by the debutante, consisting of a dozen little button roses wired together and made of chiffon or silk. These are only scented by lying in a box in which a sachet has been placed.

The scented pink rose is pinned at the side of the throat. It should nestle in a bed of silver tulle or of silver chiffon and is sprinkled with real attar on its petals.

Paper Shade Hint.

Some women are so fearful of fire that they hesitate to use the dainty paper lamp shades that are so cheap and lend such a soft radiance to a room. There is really little danger if the wire frames are large enough for the lamp. Do not use shades, however, after the paper becomes dry and charred, as they are then more liable to ignite. Another important thing in regard to paper shades is to keep them free from dust. Not only do they burn sooner when dusty, but they are not a credit to one's housekeeping. The tops should be changed frequently, as the paper costs but little, and it is not much work to make a new top when the frame is there.

To Polish Mirrors.

The first step toward cleaning the mirror before polishing is to rub off the glass carefully with a damp cloth. When this is done, polish with a woolen cloth on which some powdered blue has been shaken. For the final touch, rub the glass carefully with a chamolite skin until it is brilliant.

American Plates.

The woman who is intensely American and patriotic can now get china to carry out her feelings. The shops have put out emblem plates with the arms of the thirteen original states. These would be attractive used for a supper or dinner on the Fourth of July or Washington's birthday.

Water Bugs.

Water pipes are frequently stopped up with water bugs. These pests can be got rid of by pouring a tablespoonful of turpentine down the pipe. The mouth of the pipe should be covered to keep in the fumes.

Emigrant Dumping.

Britain still regards the colonies as dumping ground for her irreclaimable criminals. She no longer sends them out in convict ships, but when she sees a colony rocklessly offering home and sanctuary to all comers she releases her jail birds and covertly packs them off to the new land.—Melbourne Age.

Bacteria in Street Mud.

In a gram of street mud, equal to a cube of earth with sides of about a quarter of an inch, there are enough bacteria, if placed in line, side by side, to cover 259,74 feet.

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J. L. BROOKS, President.

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## Auditorium

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### Presidential Election

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Undivided Profits, \$160,000

## Winchester Bank

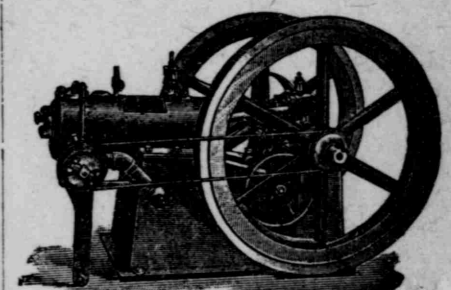
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PRESIDENT.

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